

# Lounge (Closing Time) - 4

## Modest Mouse

He don't remember, how it got there  
It had a number, written on his forearm  
It spelled disasterHe entered the club scene  
All hoping, all hoping for dancing  
He was looking, and looking stunning  
His clothes reflected light, all right  
She sat, she sat in the backseat  
The car was plush but had no heat  
And no not no one was blushing  
Their technique was so damn rightAll right, and  
He read the note in the black light  
He thought he read minds and was not right  
That line still made him seem charming  
His clothes were shining, shining

Songwriters

BROCK, ISAAC / JUDY, ERIC / GREEN, JEREMIAHPublished by

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